

Note and Comment

That a change in the premiership of the province was a certain event of the near future has been recognized for two months past. It is unnecessary to refer at any length to the succession of incidents which arose to weaken the administration. That the campaign against it was very skilfully engineered no one will question. Almost without warning the storm broke over the heads of Mr. Rutherford and his colleagues. It was a situation of a character which few leaders have had to face. Looking back at it even from this distance, and with the facts bearing on the controversy more clearly established than they were then, one must wonder that such a stampede as reduced the government's majority to so serious an extent was at all possible. But the Saturday News is quite convinced that, from the moment the first division was taken and the administration was sustained by a majority of eight votes, it would have steadily gained strength but for the as yet inexplicable action of the premier in opening up negotiations with Mr. Cushing in the hope of having him return to the fold. The ex-minister did not accept the overtures and the premier lost his principal supporter, the Attorney-General, who had had to bear the brunt of the attack from the moment that fighting commenced. Mr. Cross had absolutely no alternative but to take the course that he did, and it was only at the solicitation of the majority of the members of the House that he returned and enabled the government to remain in office. But the arrangement could only be of a temporary character. No one suggested that the premier's tenure of power, after this incident, could be of any long duration. It was only to last while the judicial enquiry was in progress and time had been given to consider plans of reorganization. These have now been brought to a head and the Chief Justice of the province, Hon. A. L. Sifton, has resigned that post and been entrusted with the task of forming a government, Mr. Rutherford having handed in his resignation to the Lieutenant-Governor on Thursday morning of this week.

The circumstances under which Mr. Rutherford retires must arouse keen regret. Under a non-party system he would have been a great success. This was practically in force during the life of the first legislature, and he and his colleagues were able to carry on a great work for the province, the effect of which on our future can hardly be overestimated. In every field of its activity they have had splendid results to their credit, and the way has been prepared for growth along the most progressive lines. That in the game of party politics he was not equal to the emergency that confronted him may count with some people for a great deal at the present time, but when, after the heat of present conflict has passed off, when we are able to survey the first few years of the province's history with something of the outlook of the historian, this failure on his part will hardly be remembered, while what he accomplished in the way of starting the government of this province off in the right direction will stand to his lasting credit. Into his retirement Mr. Rutherford should carry with him the best wishes of the great body of Albertans.

As to the new premier, the people of the province have had ample opportunities of testing his qualifications. He has been a judge after the people's own heart. It has been by the constant exercise of sound, practical instincts that he has made a success of his tenure on the Bench. Politics comes to him naturally, and there are those who have all along believed that if he were given the opportunity, he would as speedily forge to the front as did his brother, the late Minister of the Interior. His training in the government of the territories will stand him in good stead and that he will prove a strong leader, in every sense of the word, the Saturday News has complete confidence.

The season's crop is far from the all-absorbing topic of conversation that it becomes in another two or three months, and it is idle to count too strongly on how fit it is likely to turn out. But it is certain that at the present stage, prospects could hardly be better. This the first report of the department, issued during the past week, makes clear.

The season opened early and, while some damage was done by drought in the southern winter wheat areas, it has evidently not been as serious as at first thought, and the abundant rains that have fallen since the middle of the month have relieved

such anxiety as existed on account of lack of moisture. The department estimates the increase in acreage as no less than 27 per cent. But it must be remembered that last year there was a tremendous crop of oats. The significant figures are those dealing with the wheat acreage. Despite the damage referred to, winter wheat shows a 26 per cent. increase, while spring wheat shows no less than 51 per cent. When it is considered the yield per acre in 1909 was below the average, it is not too much to hope, with present prospects, the total yield for the province will show a much larger increase than the acreage.

The action of the Minister of the Interior in refusing Mr. A. O. Wheeler of Calgary permission to conduct the Alpine Club's outing this summer as he has done in other years has resulted in his resignation of his post with the Topographical Survey. In Mr. Wheeler the department loses a most valuable servant, a man who has done probably more than all others combined to make the charm of the Canadian Rockies known to the world at large. In connection with the Alpine Club he has

violet ribbon as appropriate mourning for royalty. This would be correct. Why our schools should be deliberately made hideous with black because an honorable public career has come to its natural close in all peace and fulfillment and with a cheerful memory is not apparent to any healthy-minded person."

Mr. Shaw puts the case well, and what he says applies to the whole custom of going into mourning. Why anybody, as his life draws to a close, should be comforted by the thought that those near and dear to him will go about in clothes of the most sombre color and subject themselves to puritanical modes of life which are quite unnatural to them and which they relinquish with pleasure just as soon as the period prescribed by custom is over, is a mystery. No altogether healthy-minded person should wish for this. Certainly few will believe that a man like the late king, full of the joy of living as he was, would have wished his subjects to be put to loss and inconvenience on his account. We ought to recognize that it is not those who go about with a gloomy face who necessarily feel a bereavement the most keenly.

Their Majesties and the Heir Apparent



King George V, Queen Victoria Mary and Prince Edward, Duke of Cornwall

done most valuable public service and it looks like a piece of unpardonable shortsightedness to have taken the step which led to his retirement from the government employ.

In the old land, a number of large firms have ordered their employees to buy mourning clothes, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late sovereign. Many schools are enforcing a similar regulation among their pupils. Many protests are heard and the subject is being given a wide discussion. George Bernard Shaw, the dramatist, in a letter to the "Times" writes: "Take the case of a man with a profession or business from which he has a few hundred pounds a year, with three daughters at the nearest high school. The school is compelled to go in mourning. The dresses provided for the season have to be discarded and new black dresses bought. To a court official it may be inconceivable that so trifling an expense should be a hardship to any one.

"The remedy is to drop the vague expression 'decent mourning' and to define the wearing of a

The Lethbridge Herald says: "Party politics must exist in Alberta, in fact, it is the only safe course to adopt. Non-party and coalition governments have been tried in British Columbia and New Brunswick and found very much wanting. British Columbia or New Brunswick wouldn't return to the old system by any means. Party government has its faults, but it is superior to non-party government. Party government, conducted by men with progressive ideas and a desire to serve the public, fits in best. Take, for instance, the labor legislation in this province. It could never have been passed if the government had not got behind it and urged all its supporters to support it as a party measure. Had the members of the legislature been left to use their own free will in the matter the legislation would not have been passed. The Herald has no sympathy with any movement for non-party government in this province. Let either the Liberal or Conservative party rule."

The Herald's view is one which has been frequently stated on this page, and it is well to have

it reiterated. With politics in a somewhat uncertain state as they are at present in the province, we need above everything else a stable government and this is only possible where party lines are drawn. Theoretically there may appear something wrong about such a state of affairs. But experience is a safer guide than theory and where party anarchy exists there can be little progress. It is thus a matter of no little concern when either of the two great political organizations becomes so weakened as to be ineffective.

The militiamen of Alberta will have the opportunity next month of passing under the inspection of one of the great soldiers of the Empire, Sir John French, who will visit the camp at Calgary. He should be distinguished from Sir George French, with whom he has been frequently confused, the latter having been the first Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police. A military man who has followed the career of Canada's present visitor closely writes as follows:

In South Africa General French came into his own. Many a reputation found a grave during the war. His found a cradle and a nursery and thrived. He is of the cavalry, and though it was a terrible country for cavalry to work in, there among the kopjes, he handled his men in a manner that brought him to the fore before the struggle was over. His name first came before the public during the great manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain in 1898. He made an ideal cavalry leader, brilliant, resourceful and dashing, rather a sort of Sheridan. He is described as being coldly persistent, energetic, cautious and audacious.

During the early part of the war he was associated with Sir George White around Ladysmith. At Elandslaagte, one of the earliest battles, he commanded the troops and led them to victory. He was sent to prevent the Orange Free State from entering Cape Colony, and he succeeded. There was skirmishing at all times during the last months of 1899, and he commanded in several important engagements. Most of these were successful, though a certain night attack on Colenso is remembered as an affair that ended disastrously.

The star of General French shone brightest when the word was flashed around the Empire that the siege of Kimberley had been raised, and that it was General French, who, commanding the advance detachment, had forced his way through and had brought relief to the besieged. His ability was recognized, and his advance was rapid.

He commanded the cavalry division of Lord Roberts' forces in the advance on Pretoria, and from that was advanced to the command of the left wing. During the remainder of the war he was quite prominent and did much in the cleaning up that occurred during the last few months.

General French was born at Ripple Vale, Kent, in 1852, the son of Captain French, of the Royal Navy. In 1866 he joined Her Majesty's ship "Britannia," and served four years as a naval cadet and midshipman. In 1874 he entered the 8th Hussars, but was later transferred to the 10th, of which regiment he is now Colonel. He first saw action in the Soudan in 1884, and was under fire at Abu Klea, Gubut and Metemneh. He commanded his regiment from 1889 to 1893, and for the next year was Assistant Adjutant-General of cavalry. He was made Brigadier-General to command the second cavalry brigade and then transferred as temporary major-general to the first cavalry brigade at Aldershot. From there he went to South Africa.

The Toronto Globe contained this unusually interesting extract from its file of fifty years ago under date of May 19th:

"Again has a great American party rejected the chief exponent of its principles to adopt an inferior and less known man as its candidate for the Presidency. Abraham Lincoln, a lawyer, resident in the town of Springfield, in the State of Illinois, has been nominated by the Republican convention on the third ballot. Mr. Seward, the great man of the party, and who had at the commencement a larger number of friends than any other individual, was set aside for one who has served but a single term in Congress, and never was distinguished as a leader."

The Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia has tried a new scheme of industrial betterment in connection with its immense plant, and, according to reports, the results have been most encouraging. Acting on the theory that two complete and consecutive

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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"Come to me, O ye children! For I hear you at your play; And the questions that perplexed me Have vanished quite away.

Ye are better than all the ballads That ever were sung or said; For ye are living poems, And all the rest are dead."

The Boy and I are deep in the mysteries of Kingsley's "Water-Babies." I read aloud to him, not that the Boy can't read himself, and very well too, but he finds that by my doing the reading he forgets the time and the sensations better while I, through his quaint interpolations and long sighs of satisfaction, read new meaning in this delightful fairy tale for good little land babies.

"Come read me my riddle, each good little man,

If you cannot read it, no grown-up folk can."

quotes Kingsley in his dedication, a couplet which each day I am finding contained in a nut-shell a whole world of truth.

Often when we come to puzzling parts, or to whole paragraphs of seemingly arrant nonsense, I pause in the story, to hear the Boy's idea of what this whimsical author had in mind.

Boys know a great deal more than grown-ups. Every parent knows that, So I don't say sensible things to chaff a boy off when he starts to tell his "think" aloud, even though you happen to be busy at the time.

There were a lot of things in "Water Babies" that the Boy knew about and I didn't, so you can see the advantage of the two of us reading together. I was supposed, of course, to furnish some information or explanations on my own account, but then at the very beginning he and I decided that we'd skip the Latin phrases, and the big names that didn't mean anything to us, so there really wasn't anything in the end for me to do but just read straight ahead.

Truly, this wee lad is passionate after dreams and unconcerned about realities. It didn't surprise him in the least, for instance, that Tom could devolve into a water-baby. He knew "of sort of thinks like 'el's" himself, had watched them playing in the water". Elly's transmigration into a water-baby was a perfectly natural process; while his exclamation of delight at finding the dear little baby on the black bulk of a shipwrecked boat, and of seeing the cradle with its tiny freight sink down, down, down to the bottom of the sea, was only a beautiful experience. No thought of drowning or death or sorrow attached to the incident.

His whole situation has been riveted on Tom, and the glorious experiences that were his, when he shuffled off his little black chimney-sweep skin, and became an adorable, bouncing pink water baby.

Night after night, as we have sat and lost ourselves with the lobster

in the pot, with Ellie, and following the pranks and experiences of the Water-Babies, when the hour was getting late, and you didn't know what Tom was going to do next, go off to the world's end, or stay to worry dearest Mrs. Doasyoudowledoney, I have paused a long time, and then suggested bed, to have his dear voice quiver with suppressed excitement, and to hear him plead, "Please, Mother, just a little more."

We have been very anxious over Tom sometimes. The Boy has confessed that, "it's awfully hard not doing things you shouldn't." Poor me! that knows how true that is! At times we were nearly desperate, too, as Tom would persist in his naughtiness, but then he always did something good immediately after to make up for it, so we generally could go to bed with our minds at rest.

One thing we never skipped, the exquisite poems introduced here and there in the story. I knew them all, and dimpled deliciously when we ran across such old school favorites as: "I once had a sweet little doll, dears, The prettiest doll in the world."

Again: "When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green; And every goose a swan, lad, And every lass a queen; Then hey for foot and horse, lad, And round the world away; Young blood must have its course, lad, And every dog his day."

To the Boy that day is here, Geese are swans, Water Babies are possibilities. He knows the language of trees and flowers, still, still, thank Heaven, he walks in a vain show, better, he takes me with him to that fairy world. God bless all little children who keep our hearts and minds always young.

The moral of the fairy tale we haven't spoken much about, because all morals, I believe, should have a sugar coating, and dear knows they make their presence felt quite readily enough. And yet without discussing the present one, the Boy has confided that he's going to try and not torture things. To-do-as-he-would-be-done-by.

I believe him; and I believe further, that in days to come, when he looks back he will remember our hours with Tom, and not forget the lesson the quaint book seeks to instill.

The mention of Pandora and her Box, familiar through his "Wonder Book" and other references, he recognized, were a keen delight to him, and the wisdom I have learned as to the workings of the minds of the animal world and other interesting lore, makes me in turn feel very, very wise.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took

The child upon her knee,

Saying, "Here is a story book,

Thy Father hath written for thee,

"Come wander with me," she said,

Into regions yet untried,

And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

"Aid he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
Who sang to him night and day,
The rhymes of the universe."

—Longfellow.

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Mrs. De Jones (just returned from a Continental trip)—"I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!"

The case concerned a will and an Irishman was a witness. "Was the deceased," asked the lawyer, "in the habit of talking to himself when alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply.
"Co-35, 'm; you don't know, do you? you price; i tht you were: in-
timately acquainted with him?"

"The fact is," said Pat, dryly, "I never happened to be with him when he was alone."

A wealthy American gentleman, who had leased a Scotch mansion for a few months, was visited by a local shoemaker in connection with a business transaction.

The latter, observing a set of golf sticks reposing in a brand new bag, remarked:

"I see you gowf, sur?"
"Oh, I've played the game for years. Do you play?"

"No, sur, I have never seen a game played."

"Well, I'm just going down to the links; if you care you can walk around the course with me. I am sure you will enjoy it."

The shoemaker readily agreed, and when they reached the links the Yankee made a nice tee, upon which he set his ball. Then, taking a mighty swing, he missed.

"Grand game, gowf, sur, commented the spectator.

Two other misses followed, and the "player" said things that, under ordinary circumstances, would have been quite inexcusable.

At last the cobbler got in a word.

"Man," he said, "it's magnificent; but what's the wee bo' for?"

STARLAND

The special sporting holiday programme which was exhibited at this ever-popular theatre, caught the fancy of the public to an exceptional degree. All baseball lovers crowded to see the picture of the Pittsburgh vs. Detroit championship. The photograph was very clear, enabling us to follow the movements of the various crack players.

The game itself was exciting to the finish and the applause was nearly deafening. England's great historical steeplechase, the Grand National also caused a sensation. Several accidents occurred but happily none was fatal. Jenkins headed the close finish in fine style and appeared to be little the worse for the stiff run.

A daughter of the Sioux, was one of those thrilling western pictures which always attract. The fact that it was taken on the plains of Nebraska and enacted by real Sioux Indians and American regulars added greatly to its interest.

Some equally fine pictures are billed for the coming week.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



An "Ex-Owner" contributes this sketch to the Vancouver Province:—
The wild tumultuous scenes which were witnessed when Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee won the Derby for the late King were as nothing compared to the thrilling and historic spectacle at Epsom last June, when the scarlet and gold of the royal colors were carried past the winning post and Minoru won the first Derby for a reigning monarch.

There was such enthusiasm as not the oldest sporting men have seen on any Derby Day. That wild, tumultuous scene is unforgettable. The roar of cheering and cheering heard miles away, as thousands of men of all classes swept through the police corridors and with waving hats yelled their enthusiasm at the King's victory, seem to deafen one's ears again in mere remembrance of that astounding noise.

And the sight of the King him-
self taking his victory very quietly and calmly and stepping down from the grand stand unguarded and unafraid into the very cheering crowd of that madly excited crowd.

But the King did not hesitate a moment. With perfect calm he went through the gate of his enclosure and out into the crowd and never once waved his hand to a policeman, while fighting to keep the people back and restrained him. He had confidence in these sportsmen, he said. In the following of them pressed back. By what seemed like a miracle a way was formed, though thousands were pressing forward from behind, and the King, with a few steps, was through the crowd of rough good fellows, who were waving their hats and caps with an arm's length of his Majesty's face, and cleared him until they were

Jones, the King's jockey, was not long in bringing up the gallant horse, and as the royal colors were seen above the heads of the people their enthusiasm again broke bounds. Just for a moment it seemed as though something ugly might happen. Some men in police hats forced their way through and their endeavor to keep the crowd back there was a wild scrum in the centre of which the King stood undismayed.

Then the King, with his Majesty took the bridle of Minoru and led it into the paddock, while once again the great concourse on the Downs gave voice to their patriotism and to their real joy that the King had won.

They sung in an extraordinary

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The King was smiling, laughing, shaking hands with his friends. The Queen was excited, raising her hands with a vivacious, expressive little gesture. Then the King moved forward alone, followed by the Prince, down the gangway and crossed the lawn. For a moment, hat in hand, he stood, looking at the people, then rolled up to him in volleys of terrific noise.

The Prince, evidently agitated, put his hand on his father's shoulder in a gesture of warning. And truly it wanted courage, and seemed a dangerous step to step into the midst of that wild, madly cheering crowd.

But the King did not hesitate a moment. With perfect calm he went through the gate of his enclosure and out into the crowd and never once waved his hand to a policeman, while fighting to keep the people back and restrained him. He had confidence in these sportsmen, he said. In the following of them pressed back. By what seemed like a miracle a way was formed, though thousands were

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They sang in an extraordinary discord of house-voiced harmony the National Anthem, and this wild cheering of the crowd, madly cheering, rose up again as the King once more stood in the grand stand waving his hat to the people.

The King, realising the crowd, the cheering and the day on which for the first time a King won the Derby will be remembered in the chronicles of England.

In connection with sportsmen the King was a popular favorite.

The King's racing colors consisted of a purple, satin, velvety, faced with gold fringe; a sleeves, a scarf, and the cap black velvet, with gold fringe. On a race course they first made their appearance on April 15, 1886, in a military competition at Aldershot. The royal colors were registered as far back as 1875, but it was not until June 4, 1886, that they

were sported on the flat.

A Storekeeper Says:

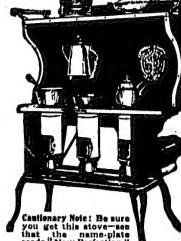
"A lady came into my store lately and said:

"I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of people, and they all said it was wonderful. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that heated rooms just like any other stove, but this is not the case, because, and once after they got it, and now, not one of them would give her up for five times its cost."

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or heating a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now, I know,

You really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more trouble, no smoke, no smell, no fire in the dinner table as tired out that you can't eat. Just light the oil stove and immediately the flame from all four burners comes up to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven. But the flame from all four burners is small, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen when one of these stoves is used.

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the label on the front of the stove reads "New Perfection."

New Perfection
WICK-LESS FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimney, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stove can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.

WHY CALL PEOPLE CRANKS?

Who are Exacting. They usually know Goods of Quality and insist on having them. There are none so hard to please but will be satisfied with

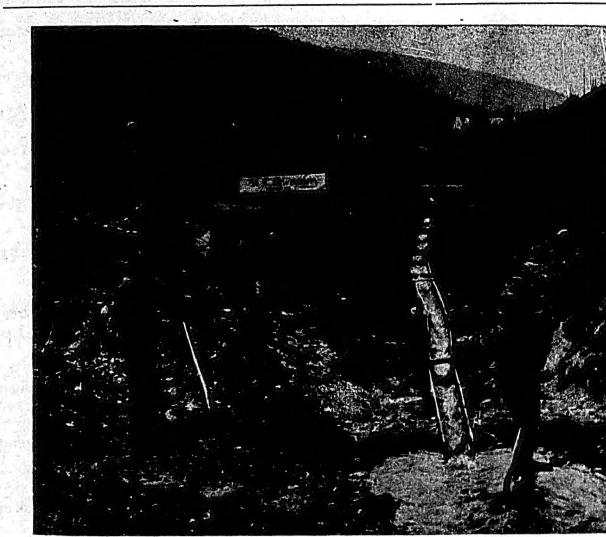
EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

They are the most perfect made, make absolutely no noise, no Splutter, no smell of sulphur, are quick, and safe. All good dealers keep them, also.

Eddy's Pails, Tubs, Washboards,
Toilet Papers, etc.

The E. B. EDDY Coy. Hull, Can.
(Established 1851)

ALL EYES ON ALASKA



The photograph shows miners skimming the cream of gold off a small section of fabulously rich Alaska. It is only recently that the information has become general that in gold, coal and copper Alaska is a treasure-house capable of yielding over a billion dollars profit to some one. The allied Morgan and Guggenheim and their allies are holding out for the rich finds of the "newly discovered" Alaska, the "newly discovered" Arctic magazine, are the centre of a hot fight waged to prevent their purchasing a stranglehold on Alaska minerals. The Guggenheims are spending huge sums to corner gold lodes worth \$62,000,000 or more. There is said to be a billion dollars' worth of copper and a billion dollars' worth of coal in Alaska. That amount of coal, mined, would yield \$60,000,000 profit.

No wonder the fight is warm.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE
Between Chicago and Eastern Canada and the Double Track Line to New York via Niagara Falls

The Route With Something to See All the Way

Cook's Tours, Quebec, S.S. Co. Special Tours to the Mediterranean, Bermudas, and West Indies. For Rates, Reservations and Full Information, Apply to

A. E. DUFF
General Agent, Duff, 280 Portage ave, Winnipeg, Man.

A Steady Gaze

often brings to light some new beauty or else discloses defects not before discerned.

Your Photograph with our Imprint

is a certain guarantee that it has neither flaw nor defect. You'd look like a fool if you were. Results will please you. Get a dozen.

BURK'S STUDIO

303 JASPER E

SPECIAL!

We are offering some of the most up-to-date millinery at prices unusually low, at

The Toronto Millinery Store 143 Jasper W

MISS M. FARRELL.

One door east of Hudson's Bay Co.

HOTEL Martha Washington

NEW YORK'S Exclusive Woman's Hotel
29 East 29th St. near 5th Avenue
Restaurant and Tea Room for men and women. Open to men and women only and closed to men and women. Rates \$1.00 per day. European Plan 400 rooms with telephone. Baths free on each floor. Finsilco

The Jasper House

Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per Day

L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

DANCING CLASSES

Also private tuition for children and adults. Taught at home or at

Miss Paget's Studios

308 Jasper E., Phone 1651, for all times. Tuesdays, Fridays evenings

547 Jasper W., Phone 1478 Mondays, Wednesdays, and tuition by special arrangement

MARY W. CAMPBELL

Teacher of High Class

China Decoration, Water Colors, Etc.

China fired weekly

Studio 476 Seventh St. Phone 1809

S.W. SANDERSON

762 PHONE FIRST 1784
PHOTOGRAPHER

HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

Forty years on I suppose the children who marched in the procession on the day of the King's funeral will be relating to the children the solemn events of that day. Forty years back Old-Timers in Edmonton refer to as if it represented another state of existence. Such changes the brief years bring! New times, new faces, new conditions.

Reading of the magnificent funeral cortège that accompanied the body of our late gracious King to its last resting place in wonderful, wonderful old London, kings afoot, princes arrayed in their gorgeous uniforms, muffled bands, all the pride, pomp and circumstance the homage of the world could pay, I turned this little Edmonton, and its procession of mourning, and thought I saw in it a more significant tribute.

Hand in hand walked hundreds upon hundreds of sturdy school children, English, French, German, Ruthenian—dear knows how many nationalities.

Though only a name to them Edward the Seventh was their King. Day by day, through prayer, song and story, they had come to look on him as a friend, and something of the hero worship, much of the ideal, mingled with their thought of him. That splendid and gracious king under whose wise rule Canada was made an open home to them.

Well, the good Edward has gone to his reward. Guns boom again, flags float high once more, another king reigns in his stead. But ye little children will take up the tale, pointing to the little badge of mourning worn by the Friday last by their parents. "Here is a little sonnet on the death of the great and good King Edward; my father or mother lived in his reign and remember those old days perfectly." What king will then have come to the throne, what conditions will obtain then? Who knows?

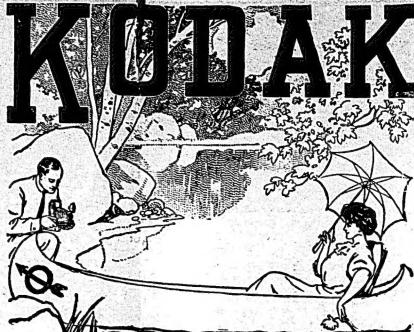
Those who have attended many sessions of the Royal Commission, and what a motley have come and gone, must all have been struck by the gentlemanly bearing and courteous and very capable manner of the leading counsel for the Commission, Mr. W. L. Walsh, K.C., whose whole conduct of what in other hands might very readily have been a very offensive role, was on the contrary so ideal as to command itself to everyone concerned in the investigation.

I have known some strange samples of judges and lawyers in my time. Some good, others very very bad, still more indifferent, but Mr. Walsh, I think I may say, without being accused of flattery, combines the brightness and wit of the popular counsel with a dignity and a courtliness that embraces all the best traditions of the Bar.

We have grown accustomed in these days of easy latitude in the courtroom to seeing eminent men of the legal profession behave more after the manner of a Jackanapes than like men with even a moderate degree of intelligence. It is the manner of the day to appeal to sentiment rather than logic, to trade on men's passions in preference to appealing to their ideal of justice or any better qualities they may possess, so that to see a man of Mr. Walsh's type discharging his duties without any cheap attempts at wit, relying solely on the strength of his arguments to win his case, employing no mysteries, on the best of terms with all the other counsel, refreshing, I may say, positively refreshing. Mr. Walsh has a little dash of Beau Nash in his make-up, affects the new tailored coat, and what more, becomes it, rather, fancies a flower in his button-hole, and prefers a game of baseball to the tedium of a Royal Commission.

I heard a nice little story from Calgary this week, related not by a native Canadian, but a visitor to both the capital and the southern city, describing the merry clip we travel in Edmonton in 'Iggy' Society. I think I shall keep it over until next week for the Mirror proper, hoping that the looking-glass will have the great decency to let us see ourselves as others see us. Oh, but it's a naughty tale! Wonder whose ears are burning. "Eeny, meeny, miny mo?"

I hear that the ladies of St. Andrew's Church in the west end held a phenomenally successful sale of home-made cookery and fancy work on Saturday of last week, realizing the large sum of \$100 as a result of the enterprise. Sir, ladies, with Mrs. Lloyd at their head, did practically all of the work, which makes the total amount they took in all the more remarkable. At present, I understand, services are being held temporarily



THIS IS KODAK WEATHER

You will get twice the amount of pleasure out of your trips if you take a Kodak or a Brownie Camera with you.

KODAKS from \$10.00 to \$115.00
BROWNIE CAMERAS from 1.00 to 12.50
PREMO CAMERAS from 5.00 to 15.00

If you haven't a Camera come in and let us show you our stock and quote prices.

260 JASPER AVENUE

GEO. H. GRAYDON, KING EDWARD DRUG STORE

in some rented building, but before long it is the intention to erect a church which will accommodate the large number of Episcopalians resident in the east end.

Mr. J. D. Hyndman leaves some time next month on a trip to England, while his wife and family will go on to Ottawa to visit their people, Sir Louis and Lady Davies.

Miss McKenna had a jolly young people's party on Wednesday evening.

The golf tea and luncheon held on the 24th of May were undoubtedly two of the most successful and largely attended affairs ever held on the local links. Everyone seemed in the mood to enjoy the glorious day, and a turn at the royal game, the delicious al fresco meals, served between the rounds, giving the players a new taste and fresh heart to do their prettiest.

Mrs. Cobbett, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Rolfe, Mrs. Swaishand and Mrs. Scoble had charge of the luncheon, and Mrs. Cobbett presided later at the tea table. Mr. Lewis won first, Mr. Hunt second and Mr. Simpson third in the men's open events, and Mr. Simpson and Miss Matheson the mixed foursome in the afternoon.

Mrs. J. W. Irwin of Kenora is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Richardson, for a month, and will receive her on Monday next; Mrs. Richardson's last reception day this season.

Mrs. Bowker accompanied her mother, Mrs. Kirchoff of Brandon, to the Coast on Monday.

Miss Cuthbert and Miss Eleanor Taylor returned on Wednesday from a most enjoyable little visit with the Premiers at their beautiful ranch in Clover Bar.

Mrs. Pouton has taken the Harcourt's cottage at Gull Lake for the summer, and will go down early in June with her family.

Mrs. Lindsay has rented Mr. Bishop's cottage at the same popular summer resort, and will go down with her sister, Mrs. Levigne, and her young nephew next month.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy is back from the Mayo Brothers' Hospital, Rochester, where she underwent a severe operation a month ago, and is looking very bright and well after her trying experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lemire Harris announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Turner, to Mr. John Gillespie on Wednesday, May 25th, at Edmonton.

I have to acknowledge the courtesy of an invitation to the opening of the Calgary Hunt Clubhouse which is to take place with great eclat on Saturday, May 28th.

The officers are: President, T. C. Newburn; vice president, George Laing; secretary, M. Y. Watson; treasurer, Edmund Thomas; B. L. M. Membury, master; and the committee, C. W. Rowley, E. S. Doughty, Geo. Tull, G. B. Bruce, Arthur.

In my sketch of Mr. W. L. Walsh, I neglected to mention that his great claim to distinction at the present time is his role as a grandfather, a fine little daughter having arrived to bless the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, Dr. Walsh's only daughter, in Calgary, on May 16th. Needless to add, Mr. Walsh is quite inordinately proud and without having even seen his grand-daughter claims that there never was another baby to be compared to her.

The marriage of Miss Sibley Graves to Mr. W. S. Heffernan is to take place at St. Joachim's Church on June 15th, a luncheon and reception following at the Alberta Hotel.

will and true judgment of the executive and legislative branches be served.

These suggestions, and other suggestions which can well be deferred, should be borne in mind now, when Great Britain is waiting to adjust a new King to conditions of dissension in its dual legislative body and when our own constitutional executive. It is well for neither nation to be too conceited, in existing circumstances, and it will be well for neither to be too censorious toward the other. England would be better faced toward the future could it unite some of its best features of government with some of our best and this republic would be better faced toward the future could we adopt and adjust to our system some of the manifest advantages in that of England which give to public opinion instant effect and which give an appeal to an apparently changed public an immediate opportunity to be made."

The Wrong Pull

"How did the street car company come to fire that old conductor? I thought he had a pull."

"He did, but he didn't use it on the cash register."—Buffalo Express.

OUR STOCK OF

Brass Candlesticks

Is better assortied and at prices never before equalled in Edmonton.

Jackson Bros. 303 Jasper Avenue E.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

G.T.P. Watch Inspectors.

SPRING CLEANING

will be made easy this year. The Vacuum Cleaner Co. have new and increased facilities for doing your work quickly and with little expense.

Your carpets and furniture can be thoroughly freed from dust in a few hours without leaving the house. We have also experienced hands to take up and lay carpets which can be cleaned at our works. Electric Vacuum Cleaner for sale or rent.

R. KENNETH, Agent.
EDMONTON.
TENT & MARQUEE,
619, SECOND STREET.

For the Garden

A fine lot of

BEDDING PLANTS

at 35c per dozen

Now ready:

Asters

Pansy

Phlox

Verbena

Snapdragon

Lobelia

Wallflower

Others ready later

We are now filling Hanging Baskets and Window Boxes

Let us have your order now and avoid delay

Ramsay's Greenhouses

PHONE 1292

Canadian and American Advertising Methods Compared

Reciprocity is being discussed by the manufacturing interests. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association is trying to have a committee organized. Last week the council of the Montreal Board of Trade passed a strong negative resolution and the Canadian Association has shown considerable opposition to the idea. In the near future, other resolutions of a similar nature will be numerous. The Canadian manufacturer will not start advertising his products until some procedure is adopted. He has little fear of the British manufacturer except in a few special lines, but he has a great fear of the United States competitor. And just so. The American is energetic, enterprising and daring. He was a big, well-protected market at home and has now expanded his business to a point where he can sell cheap abroad. He realizes that Canada is his nearest and most valuable market and he would like freer access to it. Therefore his Canadian rival does well to be afraid.

Perhaps the greatest source of the American manufacturer's strength is the press and advertising. He knows how to make a big noise and to keep the public informed of what he is doing. In this art, he

forgets the manufacturer's interests. He forgets, or overlooks, the fact that it is the buyer's good will he should be seeking, and it is in the great dailies and weeklies he should be looking for sympathy and support. That an advertiser should confine his audience to the great buying public seems so ridiculous that no sensible man would be guilty of it. Nevertheless it is largely the case. There is no room for the manufacturer in Canada, making a combined annual profit running into the millions which announcements never appear in any general or even in a C.M.A. organ, in the trade paper which represents their industry.

How little support the average manufacturer extends to Canadian manufacturers may be illustrated by an incident in which the writer was one of the participants. Some years ago when the low postage rate on United States periodicals at high rate times in connection with the Canadian Courier. A paragraph appeared in one of our papers which, to the editor of an American paper, gave the United States periodical publishers a monopoly in this market, a deputation from the Press Association Executive to the Canadian Paper-makers' Association. The latter were asked to use their influence to bring about a better condition of affairs. Some of the paper-makers were quite sympathetic, but the manufacturer absolutely refused to countenance any move in the matter. After the meeting was over, those from the Press Association telephoned privately for the narrow attitude of the objecting paper-maker. That objector is now vice-president and president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

Eventually a reform in postage was secured, and Canadian periodicals got a slight chance to do business, and the Massey-Harris almost none. Again, take the boot and shoe business. Not a single Canadian manufacturer has ever been successful in advertising, although the Slater Shoe was advertised for a while. No one outside the trade knows the name of the dozen or more American shoe manufacturers. Yet American shoes are regularly advertised in Canadian publications.

It is believed, it would be safe to predict that reciprocity with the United States would mean millions of dollars additional revenue to Canadian newspapers and periodicals. If the barrier is removed, American advertising will flow over the line in great quantities and every large publication would get its share, especially those with national or provincial circulation.

The Canadian manufacturer is content to place his advertisement in the trade papers or in the C.M.A. organ, Industrial Canada, and think you'll place it in the latter journal. It does not reach the consumer, since its circulation is confined to the members of the Association. That advertisement is inserted there because Industrial Canada advocates the man-

ufacturer's interests. The market will be for the man who can make the best goods and put them on the market. The United States tariff will come down shortly; the Canadian tariff will never go up. The next move will be for free trade between Canada and Great Britain, and between Canada and the United States. Will the Canadian manufacturer meet these conditions only by making sure of his home market, by making his name or his brand known, and by giving a guarantee of quality. Unless he does this he will be ultimately displaced by the United States, who are of advertising.

The cry "Made in Canada" is good advertising as far as it went, and the official of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association who coined and popularized that phrase did a good work. But that one excellent achievement will not last for all time. Ultimately the greatest test will come, and only the manufacturer or the publisher who produces the best article will survive.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is shortly to tour the West, and he will listen to

what Canada has to say. He will find few

people who will coax him to avoid

reciprocity negotiations. He will

find very few persons who desire to

be protected from the non-protective

goods of the United States manufacturer.

He will find that most people are

as well willing that the United

States be limited as will readily

convene very favorably with other countries.

In Germany, for instance, the annual figures are five times as large as those for Great Britain, while in

Paris, since the erection of a furnace

in the historic cemetery of Pere La-

chaise, more than 94,000 bodies have

been incinerated within twenty years.

In Paris, however, the authorities con-

sider the disposal of the dead

as a public service.

—And the Sequel

Will Mr. Borden and the Conservative party turn in and save the manufacturer, or are they intent upon suspending reciprocity entirely? Hardly. The Conservative party owes less to the manufacturers than the manufacturers owe to it. Will the farmers and manufacturers, particularly the latter, because more farmers are free-traders today than in 1888. Will the Canadian manufacturer be able to meet these conditions only by making sure of his home market, by making his name or his brand known, and by giving a guarantee of quality. Unless he does this he will be ultimately displaced by the United States, who are of advertising.

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\$54,694,882

was the net amount of insurance on the companies books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. Of Canada

made very substantial gains in other departments of its business :

(a) It gained in Assets \$1,326,088
 (b) " Reserve 945,268
 (c) " Income 302,571
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TWO FAMOUS AMERICAN SURGEONS

The Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Minnesota, and Their Remarkable Work.

By George W. Sackett, in Munsey's Magazine

If a man build a better mousetrap, or preach a better sermon than his neighbor, even though he build his house in the woods, the world will find him out, and wear a beaten path to his door. —Emerson.

Twenty years ago, two young doctors—brothers, and fresh from college—brought their signs together in a small Western city in Minnesota. In twenty years, the world found them out, and today the beaten path has been made to their door. Rochester, where they first began their practise, has become a Mecca to which, each year, thousands of afflicted people travel to seek that greatest of all life's blessings—good health.

Just as Edison has become known as the wizard of electricity, Burroughs as the wizard of vegetation, so have Drs. William J. and Charles H. Mayo won fame as wizards of surgery. Their rapid rise from the narrow sphere of two country physicians ministering to the ills, pains and injuries of a little Western town, to foremost places in a most difficult and exacting profession, reads like a fairy tale; but it is true.

The Mayo brothers were born in Minnesota, and received their education in the schools of Rochester. Their father, a country physician, was not well endowed with worldly possessions; and, upon graduating from the local high school, the boys went to work in a drug store. They studied pharmacy, and mixed their father's prescriptions. It was their ambition to follow in his footsteps, and become doctors. The instinct of the one seemed to be the instinct of the other. They went to college, William graduating from the University of Michigan in 1883, and Charles from the Chicago Medical College—now a part of the Northwestern University—in 1888.

In the meantime, the Sisters of St. Francis realized a long-cherished ambition and opened St. Mary's Hospital at Rochester, in order to care for the ills and injuries of the surrounding country. This was the door of opportunity for the Mayo brothers. Their father became the medical head of the hospital, and William and Charles, now doctors, were privileged characters at the newly built institution.

Under the guidance of their more experienced father, they handled minor operations. They became enamored of the marvelous handbook of the Creator. Hand in hand, they worked, studied, and read. Soon they were undertaking more complicated operations, and the skill with which they handled the knife, and the marvelous success of their work, became the talk of their friends.

The Mayos and Their Hospital.

Patients began to come from a distance, and the modest hospital was soon too small to meet the demand. Addition after addition was made, the last in 1908, and today St. Mary's Hospital has accommodations for three hundred patients. It is perhaps the most perfectly equipped institution in the world for surgical work. The operating rooms, three in number, are on the third floor, and directly across from them is a laboratory in charge of one of the best bacteriologists in the country. In the basement are more laboratories, and also a department given to photographic work. Within the walls of this institution, Drs. William J. and Charles H. Mayo have worked out the destiny that has given them their place among the greatest surgeons in the world.

In twenty years more than thirty-three thousand people afflicted with disease have sought these men, have submitted to operations, and the vast majority of cases, have returned to their homes with a new lease of life. It is doubtful if any other surgeon in the world can show an equal record.

The percentage of cures at St. Mary's Hospital is probably larger than that of any other institution. During the year 1909 the number of operations performed was 7,477, and only ninety-two patients died in the hospital. The marvelous skill with which the Mayos handle their instruments has amazed the world; but behind their technical skill lie perfect knowledge of the human anatomy, the keen mental ability to grasp situations, the steady nerve, and the unflinching hand.

From every State in the Union, and from almost every country in the world, sufferers journey to this place to feel the magic of the four hands that daily perform from fifteen to thirty operations. There is no known

operation that the Mayos do not undertake, and they do some that were unknown until these men dared them. Their record for last year included more than five hundred different operations, from the surgical treatment of a scalp to the amputation of a toe.

Very few of their operations, however, are so simple as an amputation. Last year they amputated in only twenty-four cases, besides reducing eleven fractures. Their specialty lies in the most difficult field of surgery, their greatest achievement being their wonderful success in abdominal cases. In 1909, for instance, they operated in 325 cases of appendicitis, with only four deaths, and in 1,434 intestinal cases, losing only twenty-three patients. Their total record of abdominal operations, for the year, was 3,746, with sixty-eight deaths—a death-rate of one in four and five-sixths per cent.

Another of their specialties is the treatment of goiter, their study of exophthalmic goiter having resulted in reducing the death-rate of the disease by one-half. Last year they performed 407 operations for goiter, without a death.

When both of the brothers are in Rochester, Charles Mayo, does the operations from the throat, up to the head. This does not mean that they have separate fields. When either is away, the other takes all varieties of surgical work.

"We need to learn more about diagnosis," says Dr. Charles Mayo. "When we have conquered this most difficult of all the phases of medical work, disease will be the easier to deal with."

In spite of this modest statement, extreme care and high skill in diagnosis are typical of the Mayos' work. They make no experiments upon the operating-table. They know the case before the patient enters the hospital, and as one visiting surgeon said, "They do the right thing in the right way." They know precisely what they are going to do when they enter the operating-room, and no time is lost in deciding the mode of procedure.

From the office of the diagnostician to the operating-table, to the bacteriologist, to the release from the hospital and the final discharge of the patient, they maintain a system practically simple in form, economical of time, almost assuredly accurate in results. While a patient is under the influence of anesthetics, every possible second is saved, every effort is used to minimize the loss of vitality.

But these two country surgeons, who are world-leaders in their profession, do not know it all. If some one else is doing something especially well, they are always on the alert to learn about it. Dr. William Mayo went to Germany some time ago, to see how an incision was made in a certain operation. They search and study for new revelations today just as eagerly as they did twenty years ago. A corps of assistants is kept busy in various branches of research work.

The Surgeons' Surgeons.
 It was at the meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlanta, Georgia, some few years ago, that the Mayos were first brought prominently to the attention of their own profession. A noted authority on surgery, who was upon the subject was regarded as final, addressed the convention upon a technical matter. At the conclusion of his speech, a young, boisterous-looking doctor asked for the floor. It was William Mayo; and on being recognized, he began to challenge the arguments of the previous speaker, and finally disputed some of his most important statements. Dr. Mayo proved by his own work that the authority was wrong.

The assembled doctors were not a little surprised at the temerity of the young surgeon, who, they were told, had a small hospital somewhere in Minnesota. Today the Mayos are called the surgeons' surgeons, because so many of their own profession came to them for instruction and for treatment. Forty or fifty doctors and surgeons, some of them famous practitioners from foreign countries, daily watch these men as they work in the operating-room. A noted French savant, connected with the research work of his government, recently said:

"No surgeon in France has completed his education until he visits Rochester."

The Mayos talk while they operate. Every incision, the applications used, the whys and wherefores, are fully explained to the students who

have perhaps travelled thousands of miles to learn for the Mayos have no secrets in their profession. They are working for humanity, and what knowledge they have gained of their life-giving art they freely pass on to their brothers.

St. Mary's Hospital is in the outskirts of the city, and the Mayos also maintain an office in the business district. Here again is a spacious and well-equipped institution; indeed, it is said to be the largest office of its kind in the world. An aisle in the centre of the building forms a waiting room, upon each side of which are small offices, where a staff of thirty doctors diagnose the troubles of newcomers, or treat patients who have been released from the hospital. Some of them are specialists, others general assistants. The business of the Mayos is also handled here, a separate office being maintained for the necessary clerical work. In the basement is a large room where is kept a complete record of all cases treated.

Adjoining the offices, a separate building serves as the Mayos' private medical library, and here one night a week is devoted to the discussion of medical topics with the staff. The Mayos themselves visit the offices each afternoon, and meet in consultation the patients who are to submit to operations or treat cases assigned to them by their staff.

The Mayo Patients.

A glimpse into the offices reveals a motley crowd. Millionaire and pauper, plebeian and prince, have left differences of rank without, and joined the army of human sufferers in search of health. Wealth, fame, social position, make no difference here. The man without a dollar receives the same helping hand as the one with the big bank account. The Mayos have given their lives to relieving the physical sufferings of humanity, and the door of hope has never closed upon a human being who could not pay. Some time ago a woman, who had a cancer removed, asked what she owed.

"Seventy-five dollars," she was told. "Well, doctor, here is twenty-five—almost the money I have; but I have a cow at home, and I will sell it, and send you what I get for it. The rest I will pay as soon as I can earn it."

Dr. William Mayo excused himself and stepped into an adjoining office. Returning, he handed the woman two slips of paper—one a receipt bill, the other a cheque for seventy-five dollars.

The Mayos believe in honesty and frankness. One patient's case has been diagnosed as something not even akin to tuberculosis, but the first stroke of the knife revealed the dread disease. Dr. Mayo once stopped the operation, went into the waiting-room, and told the patient's wife.

"I acknowledge the mistake in diagnosis," he explained, "the seriousness of the case, and asked what to do. He was told to go ahead, and the woman lived.

Optimistic, these surgeons always see the bright side. If there is but one chance, and that hinges upon the success of an operation, they will take that chance. Their smile and hearty greeting to the convalescent give encouragement; their daily visit to each room of the hospital lessens the tediousness of the day, and brings hope of ultimate recovery. It is a part of their system.

"Why in the world don't you go to New York?" James J. Hill, the railroad magnate once asked them.

"Why in the world should we go to New York?" replied Dr. William Mayo. "We have all we can do now."

"True it is, they have reached the limit of their powers, and still every train brings its load of sufferers to seek their aid. Realizing this, they have under them two younger surgeons, Drs. E. Starr Judd and E. H. Beckman, and these men have shown exceptional skill in surgical work."

The Mayo brothers are thoroughly democratic men. They scorn notoriety and abhor publicity. They will

not speak to a layman about their professional achievements. In the little Western city in which they have grown from mischievous boys to eminent surgeons, they are familiarly known as "Dr. Will" and "Dr. Charlie." They love their home town, and find time to join with its citizens at the banquet board, or to discuss with them questions of civic concern. A beautiful public park bears their name, and nearly seventy-five thousand dollars was their gift for its maintenance last year.

Their daily routine is a strenuous one. At eight o'clock in the morning they are at the hospital, and at half-past eight in the operating room. Operations continue until one o'clock.

At two they are at their office for consultation, and not until six do they

find the quietude of their homes.

Demands are constantly made upon them for addresses before medical societies or classes, and the night trains are always used to save time. Their chief recreation is automobile, and in this they are both ardent enthusiasts.

These masters of surgery are still

young men. What the future has in store for them, what they may yet give

to the surgical profession, no one knows, not even themselves. They

solve their problems as they come.

Certain it is, however, that the city in

which they started their career, twenty

years ago, will continue to be the

scene of their life's activities, the goal

of health to which the army of pain

will journey.

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SUBCONSCIOUS MEMORY

Recent physiological investigation has made it certain that everything the child sees or hears, is "subconsciously" remembered by him, and may at times exercise a determining influence upon the whole course of his life!—The American Magazine.

There is no manner of doubt about it; the thing is "certain." It is a scientific fact founded on the sure basis of law, as testified by recent investigation of psychological phenomena. This law of "latent energy" is, as we shall see, one of strong significance to every man and woman, and more especially to every mother and father. It is not so very long ago that child life was by very many people considered too frivolous a subject for serious consideration. Children's "silly prattle, petulant foibles, and trifling pursuits," it was thought were not worthy of a moment's attention. Happily, things are now very different. Their thoughts and feelings, their words and habits and impulses are no longer trifling incidents, but the definite expressions of distinct, scientific laws of deep import, and of absorbing interest to the earnest student of mental science.

It is not our present purpose, however, to attempt any critical examination of the modern theories taught by the advanced school of American scientists; all we desire to do here is simply to state one or two facts which are universally admitted, and to inquire very briefly in what way these varieties ought to affect the daily conduct of every adult member of the community.

Now, somewhere in the body, of every child, the Creator has placed what we call a Mind. The word is of O. E. origin, and bears more than a dozen interpretations. A name so rich in variety of applications is an indication that the thing so named must be in a high degree remarkable. And such is precisely the case here. We know not what the mind is, nor where precisely it is located in the human frame. We know that it is immaterial, and that it is the source of all human power. But as it is impossible to see it, we can only study it, like electricity, by means of its operations. In their helplessness and ignorance men have been compelled to talk of the mind in a variety of figures of speech. "Train up a child," says one; "Educate the mind," says another; "Cultivate the faculties," says a third; whilst another speaks of "making an impression," and so on; each expression indicating a distinctly different conception of what the mind is—in fact, comparison is our

only resource.

But we must proceed. Whatever else may be the capability of this wonderful possession one of its chief characteristics is its receptivity. Indeed, its power to receive and retain impressions is believed to be almost infinite. And here we touch upon this great law of "latent energy." Nothing is ever lost, all is faithfully treasured up, and stored away in the secret recesses of the child's mind, and, (note this) becomes unconsciously, an integral part of the child's character. The child has personally little to do with the process—like the beating of one's own heart the thing is done automatically. The records of the graphophone are wonderful, but those of the human mind are a hundred times more marvellous. Such is the teaching of science.

And do we see nothing in all this of the nature of admonition. This wonderful possession of the innocent child with a receptivity of infinitely more sensitiveness than the most delicate plate ever put into the photographic camera, is exposed to our influence on every hand, and in multitudinous profusion. Whatever you do, whatever you say, whatever you are in the presence of a child, we repeat, it is all stored away deep down in the vaults of that child's mind, to be duly brought forth—when? and where? This is my fancy, it is unchangeable law. Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of some strange case in proof of the universality of this law. We can quote but one. A young, uneducated servant girl in a clergyman's family was taken ill, and during her delirium was heard talking in an unknown language. The clergyman, who was a scholar, being summoned to the room listened avertently and soon discovered that the girl was repeating Hebrew quite fluently. After her recovery, her master ascertained on enquiry that she had resided for some months in a Jewish family, where the Hebrew prayers used daily had, unknown to herself, been duly received upon the memory tablets of her mind, and "subconsciously" remembered.

Space forbids further amplification. In conclusion we cannot do better than quote the words of Phillips Brooks, who says: "He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creature in any other state of their human life can possibly give again." Finally, let the millstone penalty be an everlasting warning to be only our very best selves before youths and its inexperienced.

GEORGE BOWKER,
Edmonton, May 27.

Stories from England.
A collection of pictures, valued at over £17,000, and containing examples of the work of Sidney Cooper, Sir E. Landseer, Briton Riviere, and Copley Fielding, has been left to the Manchester Whitworth Institute by Mr. G. F. Cox, a well known antiquary.

The Duke of Bedford will offer the Great Farm (450 acres) at Maulden, near Ampthill, Bedfordshire, for sale in small holdings, varying from 43 acres to one acre. The holdings of ten acres and upwards will be attached rights of common, 28 acres of pasture, set aside for the purpose and included in the purchase. The purchase money of the land will be met by annual payments, calculated on strictly business and actuarial principles. Purchasers desirous of erecting a house and homestead will be advanced money up to £500 on the larger holdings, subject to approval of the plans of the proposed buildings.

The Metropolitan Water Board has adopted a new scheme to provide for the needs of the London water supply up to 1941, at a cost of £6,200,000. The scheme, which will be completed in stages spread over twenty years, includes the construction throughout the Thames Valley of huge reservoirs and dams to hold in 1916 a thirty days supply for the population of London at that date.

The West Indian banana trade is growing so rapidly that two new steamers, 1,500 tons each, have been ordered by Messrs. Elfers and Fyfes who already have ten ships engaged in bringing bananas to England. Each ship has a crew of fifty and consumes about 2,000 tons of coal per voyage.

It was stated at the inquest before Mr. Barnes, on Joseph McLaughlin and Arthur Ogilvie, two men who had committed suicide together, that the man lost his employment twelve months ago, by neglecting it to go to a football match, and had not obtained regular work since.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page 1.)

utive days of rest for all employees in every seven would be good business, the plant for the past year has been closed down every Friday night and not reopened again until Monday morning. This has been done without shortening the week's working time, which is 48 hours, the working day being lengthened to nine and a half hours and the pay left as it was before.

The result is that both company and employees are reported to be well satisfied. Two days of complete relaxation from work, so we are told, has resulted in a healthier and happier set of workmen and workwomen, many of whom having taken advantage of the off days to go in for gardening, moving out into the suburbs for this purpose: Men and women who, under the old six-day work plan had little or no ambition outside of the daily grind of the shop and office, are now taking an interest in other things, the extra day off having given them an incentive to diversify their activities, and the result being that they have attained to a broader and healthier viewpoint of life.

However, the idea is simply an expansion of one that we have in our own midst. In the city printing offices in Alberta, a Saturday afternoon half-holiday is in existence throughout the year, the working week being 40 hours. That the whole day off is better than only the half day we are inclined to doubt. Work in the morning hours never did any one harm and such advantage as there is in whole day free is more than offset, it seems to me, by the longer strain during the five days. It is a nice psychological point, however.

In a recent speech Hon. Winston Churchill called attention to what is unquestionably a great evil. Referring to the question of unemployment, Mr. Churchill said he discerned, as the greatest of all the evils which tended not merely to unemployment, but to the creation of unemployables, the conditions of boy labor, and the defective and insufficient training which young persons received after they left school. The great mass of the children of the country when they left school found themselves able to get a job, and very often a variety of jobs, moving from one to the other with great rapidity, earning money which was very welcome in the family, but earning it by work which left them after three or four precious years without any opening to a permanent career. They were all agreed that after school age young persons who had not yet grown up, ought to be learning as well as earning—and that boy labor must never be looked upon by any nation that wished to remain strong and healthy as a cheap substitute for man's labor.

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Henry Watterson on Newspaper Ideals

The Great American Journalist Delivers an Address at Toronto.

One of the leading events of the past week in Canada has been the visit to Toronto of Henry Watterson, the great American newspaper man, who addressed the Canadian Press Association on "The Press." His remarks were of a most notable character and have made a deep and lasting impression, particularly his reference to the ideals of the press and its mission. Appendix are Mr. Watterson's remarks and some editorial comment thereon:

Mr. Watterson's Address

"I used to think it was quite a venture in the business until I met Sir Mackenzie Bowell, but now I feel I just a kid," said Col. Watterson, in commencing: "He tells me he started in the business in 1835, whereas I didn't start till 1856, twenty-one years later." Continuing, he told of how he first "toed with the types" on a little paper in a Tennessee village, working at everything in turn, from galley boy to leader writer.

Prefers the Impersonal Note

"I am not an advocate of personal journalism," he said. "I began my career as a devotee of impersonal journalism, attached to the broad columns and the air of deep mystery of the London journals. For a long time I did conceal my personality behind a greater one, that of my chief, George D. Prentiss, until he died. Then people thought the paper was dead, and that the young man who succeeded him was worse than dead—rotten. So in self-defense I had to prove that I was alive. I was dragged by the hair of my head into the limelight, and there I have been ever since."

"The press of New York suffers from absentee landlordism," he declared. "The great owners all live abroad, and the staffs are continually being changed until three or four years is now considered a long tenure, head of a great department." Col. Watterson told an amusing story in illustration of the difficulties created by the absentee owners. Three or four reporters sent out to get a report of a society function and denied admittance, repaired to a hotel and concocted a report from their imaginations. It turned out to be outrageous, untrue, and an indignant letter was sent by the injured parties to Mr. Bennett of the New York Herald. Mr. Bennett, being in Paris, sent copies of the Tribune and other papers. An identical report being in their columns, he threw the letter of protest into the waste paper basket and fell annoyed at the sender.

Disliked Yellow Journalism

The speaker expressed his abhorrence of the kind of journalism that proclaims "the scoop" to be the thing, and that has no appreciation for the efficient, orderly and unexaggerated record of the day's events.

"We hear a great deal about yellow journalism. It is much like the pot calling the kettle black. Offences against decency are more or less relative and qualified. More and more will newspaper owners and makers discover that integrity and cleanliness pay the best dividends. The scandal-monger will, in time, be relegated to the category of the unprosperous as well as the disreputable, and the detective, driven out of the newspaper service, where he should have no place, to the company of the police, where he alone belongs. We can as little expect that each newspaper worker shall be a gentleman as that each lawyer and each doctor shall be a gentleman; but mainly conduct and aspiration should fix the rule, the brutal and vulgar the exception. The journalist brand no less accepted and honorable than that of physician, divinity and jurisprudence."

"The newspaper is the history of yesterday. It is made to sell, assiduously; but it is a commodity, like dry goods, pork and beans, hardware and cutlery. It may not care to have any opinions. But in case it does, it should seek and aim to be a keeper of the public conscience, and example and counselor, not a corner grocer; level of head and kindly of heart, upright and elevated, always sincere and truthful, avoiding as it would avoid pestilence and famine, the character of a common scold."

The Good Old Days
The leading editorial, whose disappearance is predicted and whose disappearance is obvious, has suffered most by the transition process from the personal to the impersonal. There was exhilaration in pistols and coffee. The duello was more interesting and less expensive than the libel suit. The good old times of gun play are, alas! no more. The modern gentleman nowadays shoots another gentleman, they call it murder. Most of us have to work for a living, and some of us even to

be trained to it. I do not wonder that the wooden-utensil affair in "big type," which, for the most part, declares the editorial page, as it is called, having nobody behind it, and neither continuity of purpose, nor the spirit of intellectual rectitude and accountability, has fallen into discredit. It might as well be dispensed with. It is no longer an effective nor an engaging arm of the service. But the nationale of the day's doings, rendered with good sense and in good faith by a self-respecting, conscientious writer, will always command attention and be worth its space. But it must be absolutely disinterested and genuine, recognized no matter how mistaken, honest, not to be bought by patronage nor bullied because cowardly and afraid.

Newspaper Ideals

"In a word, I do not think the newspaper should consider itself as a public prosecutor; rather the personal representative, friend and neighbor of good men and good women, pouring good and kindling and stirring the fire of hell; its aim and end, first and last and all the time, to enlighten and to brighten, to radiate and to warm, not to embitter, to baffle and to daze."

The speaker paid a tribute to the "quiet, unobtrusive men, in warm sympathy with the people," who under present conditions, are the real conductors of the modern press, whom he praised by comparison with "the brilliant, showy, dazzling, vain and selfish men," who were usually evoked under the old regime.

An Editorial View

The Toronto Globe this week under the head "Newspapermen and the Press," had the following editorial article:

"The man in the street is always ready to discuss with the man from the club the functions of the Press and to dogmatize on how newspapers should be managed. Almost any college professor or politician or preacher without any knowledge of the business can present a full Decalogue of journalistic ethics and frame an indictment against the whole craft. This readiness of judgment on the part of outsiders adds interest to the opinions of men in the profession when they talk among themselves of the things pertaining to their calling. For this reason the annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association now in session in Toronto is of peculiar public interest."

The presence of that conspicuous figure in American journalism, Colonel Henry Watterson, would in itself make this year's meeting notable, but more significant still was his insistence on the ethical fundamentals as absolutely necessary if the Press is to be either permanently profitable as a business or truly influential as an institution in the life of the country. His protest against any newspaper posing as a detective for the discovery of crime, as an attorney for its prosecution, or as a scavenger for the general collection of social garbage was approved by every responsible journalist present. His declaration that every journalist must keep unseared his sense of responsibility to his own conscience as a man of honor to whose service he is pledged suggested the secret of his own power and achievements in the journalism and life of the United States. His experience as a party journalist with a record in fighting the evils of his own political party was of interest and instruction to the increasing number of newspaper men in Canada who are willing to be the allies of political causes, but who will not be the henchmen of discredited or self-seeking politicians.

It is true that the day of "personal" journalism is past or is passing, but there never was a day when a great personality counted for more than now or was more needful in newspaper leadership on this continent. By the quality of their thinking, by the strength of their convictions, and by their persistent devotion to their ideals of service the men who make a newspaper give to their journal an individuality, security for it a constituency, and build up for it a tradition which is at once its chief asset as a commercial undertaking and the source of its influence as a leader of opinion. New conditions bring new duties, but under all conditions the elements of power are personal. The frank recognition of these ethical essentials and their unrestrained emphasis have given ground for optimism as to the future of the Press which the veterans of the craft confessed and which to the newest recruit was an incentive and an inspiration. For the Press of Canada the best is yet to be.

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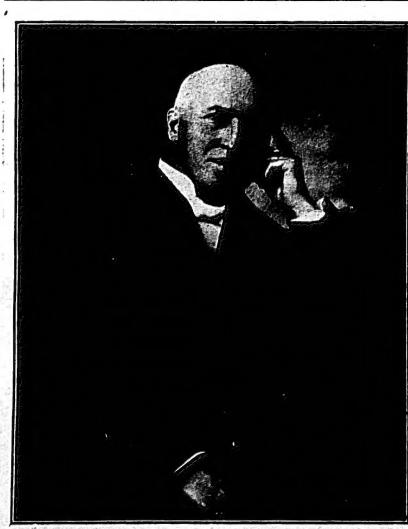
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